

**AN:** Time for another episode of everyone's favourite Friday night sitcom! I have an important announcement to make at the end, too. Enjoy!

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**Cheese**

**Jaws**

**Scene One - Apartment**

(Greg and Dan are sat on the sofa. TPYMK bursts into the bedroom, brandishing a newspaper.)

**TPYMK:** I have good news!

(Greg stands straight up.)

**GREG:** The bar's open? Great – let's go!

(Greg tries to leave, only for TPYMK to push him back.)

**TPYMK:** No, no, Greg – it's nothing like that.

(Greg sighs, sitting down.)

**GREG:** Well, it can't be very good news, then, can it?

**TPYMK:** It *is* good news, actually. Better than sitting in a miserable bar drinking pint after pint of beer.

**GREG:** *Nothing* is better than that.

(TPYMK looks at Dan.)

**TPYMK:** Dan, stab Greg.

**DAN:** Right.

(Dan pulls out a knife and stabs Greg in the leg. He winces.)

**GREG:** I think I've pulled a muscle.

**DAN:** What is this good news, then? It hope it's the unveiling of an official statue featuring my likeness.

**GREG:** What, in a princess dress?

**DAN:** Those were stylised male garments, and you know it!

**GREG:** Styled to look like Snow White?

**DAN:** We shall discuss this later.

**GREG:** When we catch you looking for glass slippers again?

**DAN:** Shut up!

**TPYMK:** Listen, you fools! I now of something that will put an end to this boring day!

**GREG:** Will it fill up yet another dull sitcom plot?

**TPYMK:** Of course!

**GREG:** Oh, good! Well, what is it, then?

**TPYMK:** The beach!

**GREG:** The beach?

**TPYMK:** Yes – the beach!

**DAN:** I thought you hated the beach?

**TPYMK:** Dan, I don't hate the beach; I *despise* the beach.

**GREG:** That's okay, then.

**DAN:** So why do you want to go there?

(TPYMK holds up a newspaper.)

**TPYMK:** Because today's newspaper says that it's free!

**GREG:** Finally! That five-cent admission charge was really getting on my nerves!

**TPYMK:** Yes – it says right here that ever since the sea was polluted with toxic waste and ravenous mutant creatures, they're making it free so more people will go!

**GREG:** Sounds perfectly safe. Fun for all the family!

**TPYMK:** Then we'd better get on down there and waste most of our pointless lives!

(Dan gets up.)

**DAN:** I'll get the towels and the suntan lotion!

(Greg stumbles off.)

**GREG:** I'll get the beer!

## **Scene Two – Beach**

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg are sat in deckchairs on the beach. A few towels and bottles of suntan lotion surround them.)

**TPYMK:** Look at this! The sun is shining, the birds are singing, and I can feel my skin slowly melting away!

**DAN:** I don't think that's the sun. Probably the highly potent radiation from the nuclear power plant next door.

**TPYMK:** Oh. Well, it's certainly showing its power, then!

**GREG:** I reckon it's time for a drink!

(Greg stumbles out of his deckchair, walking over to a refrigerator a few feet away. He pulls it open, taking out a bottle of beer.)

**TPYMK:** Greg, when I said to bring a cooler, I didn't mean for you to get the entire refrigerator.

(Greg sits back down, having already drunk half of his bottle.)

**GREG:** Well, we can't afford a cooler.

**TPYMK:** You could have improvised.

**GREG:** Next time, I'll just store the liquids in myself. I do that already, anyway.

(Dan looks around the beach, which is swarming with people.)

**DAN:** This beach really is quite packed today, isn't it?

**TPYMK:** Well, it is free – more people are likely to come. And besides, I'm sure they're all friendly.

(TPYMK waves at some unseen people, smiling.)

Look – see those people there? They're waving!

(Dan narrows his eyes.)

**DAN:** Yeah... but they're not using all of their fingers.

(TPYMK stops waving.)

**TPYMK:** How charming.

**GREG:** Screw those other people – we should have this beach all to ourselves!

**TPYMK:** You can't spoil a centre for family enjoyment, Greg. The children should have a right to build sandcastles and swim in the sea and... get pulled underneath by unseen creatures.

(TPYMK frowns, staring at the sea. A child disappears under the water.)

That doesn't look right.

(Dan points.)

**DAN:** Did that kid just get pulled under the water?

**TPYMK:** I think so. Maybe he just wanted a drink.

(Greg raises his bottle.)

**GREG:** Well, there are plenty of those here!

**DAN:** Look – more people are getting pulled under.

**TPYMK:** It's a mass drowning! Those suicidal pigs. They get to die while unfortunate people like us have to keep on living!

**DAN:** I think I just saw a fin...

**TPYMK:** What, you mean like a shark?

(Greg watches the seas, nodding.)

**GREG:** Some very familiar music is playing in my head right now...

(TPYMK and Dan stare at him.)

**TPYMK:** What?

**GREG:** The *Star Wars* theme.

**DAN:** I was thinking *Home Improvement*.

**TPYMK:** Are you both idiots?

**DAN:** Yes. That's kind of the plot of this show.

**TPYMK:** I think there might be a shark in the sea.

**DAN:** A shark?

**GREG:** What did you say?

**TPYMK:** *I said I think there might be a shark in the sea!*

(Everyone on the beach hears TPYMK. They all start screaming, scattering in every direction.)

**DAN:** Great. Now we're caught up in some kind of horror movie plot.

(The people in the sea try to get out of the water. A few more of them are pulled underneath.)

**TPYMK:** Those poor souls... At least their deaths were quick and painless.

(A voice sounds from in the sea.)

**MAN:** *Oh, my God! The shark is eating me! It's tearing at my flesh!*

**TPYMK:** Thank God for merciful creatures.

**MAN:** *The blood! Oh, God – there's blood everywhere! Someone help me! I'm being eaten alive! It hurts so much!*

**TPYMK:** We should probably help them.

**DAN:** Help them? The royal prince does not help the commoners! He laughs at their misery!

**TPYMK:** Think about it. Three men try to hunt down a shark. What happens?

**GREG:** They all get eaten.

**TPYMK:** No – they destroy the shark, save the day and achieve fame and fortune! We'll be heroes!

**DAN:** We're not qualified to hunt down a shark.

**GREG:** Yeah – and I'm very busy drinking.

**TPYMK:** We could use one of Greg's bottles as a weapon.

**GREG:** I'm not getting any sharks drunk. The beer is for me and me only!

**TPYMK:** We're hunting that shark down whether you like it or not!

**DAN:** Oh, and you're going to get us a boat, are you?

### **Scene Three – Boat**

(A pathetic-looking rowboat sails through the sea. TPYMK, Dan and Greg are sat in it.)

**DAN:** I don't believe this.

**TPYMK:** What?

**DAN:** The boat! How much did this thing cost?

**TPYMK:** My life savings.

**DAN:** About eight cents, then.

**TPYMK:** The boat may be sixty years old, but it's stood the test of time.

**DAN:** You didn't even get oars.

**TPYMK:** I couldn't afford them. Just paddle with your hands!

(Greg drains a bottle of champagne dry, throwing it into the ocean.)

**GREG:** I'm feeling seasick.

**TPYMK:** No – you're just drunk.

**GREG:** Good point.

(Greg throws up into the sea.)

**TPYMK:** I can see why the ocean is having a problem with toxic waste. Although the drunkenness puts you in line for a job as a pirate.

**DAN:** We're stranded in the middle of the sea! If a shark attacks us now, we're doomed!

**TPYMK:** Don't be ridiculous. We have a variety of weapons at our disposal.

**DAN:** Like what?

**TPYMK:** Ha-ha-ha! Just look at the bottom of this treasure trove of a boat!

(TPYMK reaches down underneath his seat, pulling out a few items.)

An old boot! A shoelace! A rubber band! No creature of the sea is ever going to mess with us!

**GREG:** We'd be better off using one of Dan's tiaras as a weapon.

**TPYMK:** Or maybe one of your bottles, if you weren't so clingy with them.

**DAN:** We're dead. We're going to either drown or be eaten alive. This is such a degrading death for a prince.

**TPYMK:** Dan, you're not a prince!

**DAN:** Yes, I am!

**TPYMK:** Don't make me throw you overboard!

**GREG:** Or walk the plank.

**DAN:** This entire boat is a plank!

**TPYMK:** Hey, why don't you—

(TPYMK suddenly stops, staring at the water. It starts to ripple.)

I think it's coming.

**DAN:** The shark?

(Greg finishes off another bottle of beer.)

**GREG:** I've just run out of beer.

**DAN:** Is that really what you're worried about?

**GREG:** This is a serious issue!

(TPYMK points at something in the sea.)

**TPYMK:** Look...

(The fin of a shark can be seen sticking out of the water, circling around.)

**DAN:** Oh, no...

**GREG:** Oh, God...

(TPYMK screams.)

**TPYMK:** *We're being attacked by bad prosthetics!*

(TPYMK starts paddling the water with his hand.)

We've gotta get out of here! Row! Row!

(Dan and Greg start rowing. Greg uses one of his bottles as an oar.)

**DAN:** Where the hell are we going?

**TPYMK:** Back to the beach!

**DAN:** But I can't see the beach!

(TPYMK looks around. Water surrounds them on all sides. Land is nowhere to be seen.)

**TPYMK:** Damn it! I knew that rowing for three hours would be too much.

**DAN:** We're screwed! I'll never get to wear those pink slippers again... They felt so snug and comfortable on my feet...

**TPYMK:** You really are a big loser, you know that?

**GREG:** And I won't ever get drunk again...

**TPYMK:** Oh, come on!

**DAN:** This is just like that film.

**TPYMK:** *Jaws?*

**DAN:** No – *Aladdin*. That's it.

**TPYMK:** This would probably make a good film, actually.

**GREG:** Yeah. And what would we call it?

**TPYMK:** *Super Jaws Shark Attack Zone Killer Horror 6D?*

**GREG:** Now *that* is a blockbuster.

(Dan shoots a worried glance at the sea.)

**DAN:** It's getting closer!

**TPYMK:** I can see that!

**GREG:** I can't – I'm too drunk!

**TPYMK:** This is awful!

**GREG:** You know, it's funny, actually.

**DAN:** What is?

**GREG:** The fact that we're all going to die.

(Greg laughs.)

**TPYMK:** I think you'd better brace yourselves, guys.

**DAN:** Why?

**TPYMK:** 'Cause the shark is coming for a bite!

(The shark suddenly rams into the boat, splintering it into pieces. TPYMK, Dan and Greg dive in opposite directions, landing in the water with a loud *splash!*)

**DAN:** I'm drowning! I'm drowning! Someone help me!

(TPYMK emerges from the sea, coughing and spluttering.)

**TPYMK:** You can't swim?

**DAN:** No – I'm just being dramatic.

**TPYMK:** This is serious!

(Greg looks around, terrified.)

**GREG:** This isn't good... This isn't good at all.

**TPYMK:** What's wrong, Greg?

**GREG:** This is water. My worst enemy!

**TPYMK:** Oh, it keeps getting better. Hey – it's the shark.

(He then screams.)

Oh, God – it's the shark!

(The shark bursts out of the water, snapping at TPYMK with its jaws. TPYMK gives it a punch on the nose, knocking it out of the way.)

Take that, you stupid creature!

**DAN:** Did you just punch a shark?

**TPYMK:** Yes! It was making me mad!



**GREG:** It's coming back for you!

(The shark makes its way towards them again.)

**TPYMK:** It's not just a shark... It's worse than that...

(He frowns.)

It's a CGI shark!

(Dan screams, crying like a little girl.)

**DAN:** This nightmare just keeps getting worse!

**TPYMK:** There's only one thing we can do now.

(TPYMK dodges another attack by the shark, narrowly avoiding being swallowed.)

**GREG:** What? Surrender?

**TPYMK:** No. We'll use my secret weapon!

**DAN:** Your secret weapon?

(TPYMK pulls out a funny-looking gun.)

**TPYMK:** A Cheese Blaster!

**DAN:** Your *what*?

**TPYMK:** Now, before I use this, I have to think of a brilliant one-liner to say.

(The shark circles around for yet another attack.)

**DAN:** Just shoot it!

**TPYMK:** Hmm... "*Now* who's the bait?" Nah, that's not right...

**DAN:** Shoot it!

**TPYMK:** "You're 'fin'ished"? Nah – that doesn't work, either.

**DAN:** *Shoot it!*

**TPYMK:** "Just when you thought it was safe to go back into the water"? No...

**DAN:** *Shoot the damn shark!*

**TPYMK:** Oh, wait – why don't I just shoot it?

(TPYMK pulls the trigger. A yellow laser beam strikes the shark, blowing it into pieces. Bloody fragments of gore splatter over the trio.)

**GREG:** Hey – free food!

(Greg starts eating some of the guts.)

**TPYMK:** That's not free food...

(A cheesy grin spreads across his face.)

That's fish food.

(A loud voice sounds from behind.)

**VOICE:** And... *cut!*

**TPYMK:** Huh?

(The trio turn around to see a boat cruising past. Angel is sat in a director's chair, holding a megaphone to his mouth. He is surrounded by a film crew.)

**ANGEL:** That's a wrap, people!

**TPYMK:** *You* again?

(Angel grins at the trio.)

**ANGEL:** I told you I'd get my sequel! *Cheese 2: Cruise Control*. It's genius!

**DAN:** You mean this was all part of a film?

**ANGEL:** Of course! It's brilliant! You just killed \$200,000 worth of CGI! Well done!

**TPYMK:** And now you're going to get rich?

**ANGEL:** Yep. And since you never signed a contract, I don't have to pay you a dime!

**GREG:** You mean I don't even get a bottle of beer?

**ANGEL:** Nope.

(Greg looks angrily at TPYMK.)

**GREG:** TPYMK, shoot him.

(TPYMK aims his Cheese Blaster.)

**TPYMK:** My thoughts exactly, Greg.

(He fires at Angel, who screams in pain.)

**The End**

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**AN:** Heh-heh-heh... For someone who hasn't seen *Jaws* in 90 million years, I do know my shark movies. That was pretty lame, wasn't it? And, naturally, it was all part of Angel's evil plan to make another movie about the trio! Still, I took care of him, though. Again.

Anyway, I want to take this opportunity to let you know that I'll be taking a break from *Cheese* for the next two or three weeks. I need some time to refresh and come up with more ideas, since it's harder than it looks to improvise something like this in one day. Don't worry, though - it'll be back before you know it! So, goodbye, and I'll see you soon!